



AUTOMACHIA,

OR

*The* SELF-CONFLICT *of a*  
Christian.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE,  
vertuous, and learned Lady, the  
*Lady* MARY NEVIL,  
One of the Daughters of the right Honourable  
*the Earle of* DORSET, Lord  
High-Treasurer of England.

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Adde but an A, to Romanize your Name,  
ANOTHER PALLAS is your *Anagram*:

(videlicet)

MARIA NEVILA.

ALIA MINERVA.

*Madame,*

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## STANZES DEDICATORY.

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### I

**M**Adame, your love to learning and the learned;  
(In such an Age, so full of Art's neglect)  
Right worthily to your rare Selfe hath earned  
The love of learning and the learned sect;

Whereby,

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## STANZES DEDICATORY.

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*Whereby, your Name already is eterned  
In MEMORIE's faire TEMPLE here erect:  
And there, deuoutly at your VERTV's Shrine,  
I humbly Offer this poore MITE of mine.*

*Too*

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## STANZES DEDICATORY.

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2

*Too small a Present to so great a GRACE,  
And too unworthy of your Worthinesse:  
Saw that the Matter so exceeds the Masse,  
That oft (perhaps) a Greater may be lesse:*

*For,*

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## STANZES DEDICATORY.

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*For, you may see, within this little Glasse, (nesse.  
The LITTLE-WORLD'S Great-Little-Minded-  
Man's strife with Man: our Flesh & Spirit in Duel:  
Couragious-Cowards, too Self-kindely-cruel.*

*Vouchsafe*



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## STANZES DEDICATORY.

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<sup>3</sup>  
*Vouchsafe t'accept then this small New-yeres-Gift,  
With th' humble Vowes of a dis-Astrea'd Muse,  
That lawishly hath sow'n her seeds of Thrift  
So high and drie that yet no Fruit ensues;*

*El's*

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## STANZES DEDICATORY.

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*Els need she not haue made so hard a Shift,  
Nor this Small Gift so greatly to excuse:  
But, sith (as yet) she cannot what she would,  
Madame, accept her Zeale, and what she could.*

Most

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Most devoted

to your Honorable Vertues,

J. S.

13 1907

21 1907

2 5

# AUTOMACHIA,

OR

*The SELF-CONFLICT of a  
Christian.*

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**V**ertue I loue, I leane to Vice: I blame  
This wicked World, yet I embrace the same:

B

I

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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I clime to Heauen, I cleaue to Earth : I both  
Too-loue my Selfe, and yet my Selfe I loath :  
Peacelesse, I Peace pursue : In Ciuill Warre,  
With, and against my Selfe, I ioine, I iarre :  
I burne, I freeze : I fall downe, I stand fast :  
Well-ill I fare : I glory, though disgrac't:

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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I die a-live: I triumph put to flight:  
I feed on Cares: In Teares I take delight:  
My slaue (base-braue) I serue: I roame at large  
In Libertie, yet lie in Gaolers charge:  
I strike, and stroake my selfe: I kyndly keen  
Work mine own woe, rub my gal, rouz my spleen:

B 2

Oft

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## AUTOMACHIA.

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Oft in my sleepe, to see rare dreames, I dreame;  
Waking, mine eye doth scarce discern a beame:  
My minde's strange *Megrim* whirling to and fro,  
Now thrusts me hither, thither then doth throw:  
In diuers Factions I my Selfe diuide;  
And all I trie, and flie to euery side:

What



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## AVTOMACHIA.

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What I but now desir'd, I now disdain :  
What late I weigh'd not, now I wish againe :  
To-day, to-morrow ; This, that ; Now, anon :  
All, nothing craue I (euer neuer-one).

Dull Combatant, vnready for the field,  
Too-tardie take I after wounds my shield:

B 3

Still

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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Still hurri'd head-long to vnlawfull things,  
Down-dragging Vice me downward easly dings :  
But sacred Vertue climes so hard and hie,  
That hardly can I her steepe steps descrie.  
Both Right and Wrong with me indifferent are:  
My Lust is Law : what I desire, I dare :

(Is

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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(Is there so foule a Fault, so fond a Fact,  
Which Follie asking, Furie dares not act?).  
But Art-lesse-hart-lesse in Religion's cause  
(To doo her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)  
The all-prooffe armor of my G o d I loſe,  
Flie from my Charge, and yeeld it to his foes.

B 4

Guiltie

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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Guiltie of sinne, sinn's punishment I shunne,  
But not the guilt, before th' offence be done :  
For, how could shunning of a sinne, ensew  
To be occasion of another new ?  
Oft and againe at the same stone I trip  
(As if I learn'd by falling, not to slip).

Alinc

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## A V T O M A C H I A.

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Aliue I perish and my Selfe vndoo,  
Mine eyes (self-wise) witting and willing too.

Sicke, to my Selfe I run for my reliefe,  
So, sicker of my Physicke than my grieve:  
For, while I seeke my swelting Thirst to swage,  
Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:

While

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## A V T O M A C H I A.

---

While, burnt to death, to coole me I desire,  
With flames my flames, with sulphur quēch I fire:  
While that I striue my wauing Waues to stop,  
More wauingly, they waue about my top:  
Thus am I cur'd, this is my common ease,  
My medicine still worse than my worst disease.

My

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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My sores with sores, my wounds & wounds I heale,  
While, to my Selfe my Selfe I still conceale.

O what leud Leagues ! what Truces make I still  
With Sin, and Sathan, and my wanton Will !  
What slight Occasions do I take to sin !  
What fillic Traines am I entrapped in !

What





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## AVTOMACHIA.

---

Transports me to the contrary : alone,  
Faint Guard of Goodnes ; Arm-les Champion.

My morrall Taste doth nothing sweeter finde,  
Than what is bitter to th'immortall minde.

*Aegypt's* fat Flesh-pots I am longing-for,  
Th'eternall *Manna* I do euen abhor.

World's

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## A V T O M A C H I A .

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World's Monarch *Mammon* (Dropſie myſtical)  
Crown'd round-fac't Goddeſſe, coined *Belial*,  
*Midas* Deſire, the Miſer's only Truſt,  
The ſacred hunger of *Pactolian* duſt,  
Gold, Gold bewitches me, & frets accuſt  
My greedy throat with more than *Dipſian* Thirſt.  
My

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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My minde's a Gulfe, whose gaping nought can  
My hart a hell that neuer hath enough : (stufte:  
The more I haue, I craue, and lesse content:  
In store most poore, in plentie indigent:  
For, of these Cates how much-soe'r I cramme,  
It doth not stop my mouth, but stretch the same.

Sweet

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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Sweet Vfurie's incestuous Interest,  
For Dallers, dolours hoordeth in my chest: (sure  
The World's. slave Profit, & the Minds. slut Plea-  
(Insatiate both, both boundlesse, both past measure,  
This, *Cleopatra*; That, *Sardanapale*)  
For huge Annoyes, bring Ioyes but short & small.

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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O Miracle ! begot by Heau'n of Earth  
(Of Minde diuine, of Body brute by birth)  
O what a Monster am I to depaint !  
Half-friend, half-fiend; half-sauage, half-a-faint.  
Higher than my Fier doth my grosse Earth aspire :  
My raging Flesh my restlesse Force doth tire :

C

And,

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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And, drunk w world's Must, & deep sunk in sleep,  
My Spirit (the Spie that wary watch should keep)  
Betraies alas (woe that I trust it so)  
My Soule's deere kingdome to her deadly foe.

Through Care's *Charybdis*, and rough Gulfs of  
Star-lar-boord run I, sailing all my life (Griefe,  
On

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## A V T O M A C H I A .

---

On merrie-sorrie Seas : my Winde, my Will;  
My Ship, my Flesh ; my Sense, my Pilot still.  
As in a most seditious Common-Weale,  
Within my brest I feele my best rebell :  
Against their Prince my furious People rise :  
Their awlesse Prince dares his owne Law despise.

C 2

Minc

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## A V T O M A C H I A.

---

Mine *Eue's* an Out-law, and my struggling Twins  
*Jacob* and *Eſau* neuer can be friends;  
Such deadly feud, ſuch diſcord, ſuch deſpight  
(Fuen betweene Brethren) ſuch continuall fight.  
What's done in me, another doth, not I;  
Yet, both (alas) my Gueſt and Enemy:

My



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## AUTOMACHIA.

---

My minde vnkinde (suborned by my foe)  
Indeed, within me, but not with me tho;  
Neere, yet farre off: in fleshly lees besoil'd,  
And with the World's contagious filth defil'd.

I am too narrow for mine owne Desires:  
My Selfe denies me what my Selfe requires:

C 3

I

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## AVTOMACHIA.

---

I feare and hope: carelesse, in Care I languish:  
Hungry, too full: dry-drinking, sugred-anguish:  
Wearie of life, merrie in death: I sucke  
Wine from the Pumice, Hony from the Rocke.  
On thornes my grapes: on garlik growes my rose:  
Frō crums my summs: frō flint my fountain flowes.

In

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## AUTOMACHIA.

---

In showrs of teares mine houres offears I mourn,  
My looks to brooks, my beams to streams I turn:  
Yet in this Torrent of my Torment rise  
I sink annoies, and drink the ioies of life. (cleer:

Dim Light,brim Night, Beames wauing cloudy-  
Vnstable State, void Hope, vain Helpe, far-neer:

C 4

Falsc-

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## A V T O M A C H I A.

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Falſe-true Perſuaſion, Lawleſſe Lawfulneſſe :  
Confuſed method ; milde-wilde, Warlike Peace:  
Diſordered Order, Mournfull merriments :  
Dark-day, wrong-way ; dull, double-diligence :  
Infamous Fame, know'n Error, ſkilſeſſe Skill :  
Mad Minde, rude Reaſon, an vnwilling Will :

A

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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A healthy plague, a wealthy want, poore treasure:

A pleasing Torment, a tormenting Pleasure:

An odious Loue, an ougly Beauty; base

Reproachfull Honour, a disgracefull Gracc:

A fruitlesse Fruit, a drie dis-flowered Flower:

A feeble Force, a conquered Conquerour:

A

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## A V T O M A C H I A.

---

A sickly Health, dead Life, and restlesse Rest:  
These are the Comforts of my Soule distrest.

O how I like ! dislike ! desire ! disdaine !  
Repell ! repeale ! loath ! and delight againe !  
O what ! whom ! whether ! (neither flesh nor fish)  
How weary of, the same againe I wish !

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## AVTOMACHIA.

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I will, I nill; I nill, I will : my Minde  
Persuading This, my Lust to That inclin'd:  
My loose Affection (*Proteus*-like) appeeres  
In euery forme : at-once it frownes and flectes.  
Mine ill-good Will is vaine and variable :  
My (*Hydra*) Flesh buds Heads innumerable:

My

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## AVTOMACHIA.

---

My Minde's a Maze, a Labyrinth my Reason:  
Mine Eye (false Spie) the doore to Fancie's trea-  
My rebell Sense (Self-soothing) still affects (son.  
What it should flie; what it should plie, neglects.  
My flitting Hope with Passion-stormes is tost  
But now to Heav'n, anon to Hell almost.

Concording



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## A V T O M A C H I A.

---

Concording Discord kills me, and againe  
Discording Concord doth my life maintaine.

My Selfe at-once I both displease and please :  
Without my Selfe my Selfe I faine would sease :  
For, my too-much of Mee, mee much annoyes;  
And my Selfe's Plentie my poore Selfe destroys.  
Who

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## AVTOMACHIA.

---

Who seeks mee in Mee, in mee shall not finde  
Mee as my Selfe : *Hermaphrodite*, in minde  
I am at-once Male, Female, Neuter : yet  
What e'r I am, I am not Mine (I weet) :  
I am not with my Selfe (as I conceiue)  
Wretch that I am ; my Selfe my Selfe deceiue :  
Vnto

---

## AUTOMACHIA.

---

Vnto my Selfe, my Selfe my Selfe betray :  
I from my Selfe banish my Selfe away :  
My Selfe agree not with my Selfe a jot :  
Know not my Selfe ; I haue my Selfe forgot :  
Against my Selfe my Selfe moue iarres vniust :  
I trust my Selfe, and I my Selfe distrust :

My

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## AVTOMACHIA.

---

My Selfe I follow, and my Selfe I flie:  
Besides my Selfe, and in my Selfe am I:  
My Selfe am not my Selfe, another Same:  
Vnlike my Selfe, and like my Selfe I am:  
Selfe-fond, Selfe-furious : and thus, wayward Else,  
I can not live with nor without my Selfe.

*A com.*

*A comfortable Exhortation to  
the Christian, in his  
Self. Conflict.*

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**W**Hy, silly Man, sicke of exceeding Griefe,  
What boots it thee, vncertaine of thy life;  
D Of

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*An Exhortation.*

---

Of thy Disease to make so much a-doo :  
Thou coward Souldier, and vntoward too ?  
Away with Feare : and, Death of Death and Hell,  
Meet armes with armes, & darts with darts repell:  
So the first Onset in this doubtfull Fray,  
Shall towards Heau'n make thee an easie way:  
And

---

*An Exhortation.*

---

And open wide those Gates (so hardly wonne)  
Where snowie-winged Victorie doth wunne.  
Thou must be valiant, and with dauntlesse brest,  
Rush through the thickest, run vpon the best  
Of th'aduerse Hoast; and on their flight & foile,  
Build noble Tropheis of triumphant spoile.

---

*An Exhortation.*

---

For, this world's Prince, dark Limbo's Potentate  
Drifts Earth's destruction; and with deadly hate  
(Still strife-full) labours, and by all meanes seeks  
To trouble all, and Heauen with Hell to mix.  
Great War within there is, great War without,  
With Flesh & Blood, and with the World about.

On



---

*An Exhortation.*

---

On this side, smiling *Hope* with smoothest brow  
False-promiseth long Peace and Plentie too:  
On that side, fallow *Feare* with fainting breath  
Checks those proud thoughts, & threats of war &  
And, weary of it Selfe, it Selfe distrusts, (death;  
It Selfe destroyes, and to Confusion thrusts,

D 3

And

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*An Exhortation.*

---

And ignorant of it Selfe's good (till triall)  
In ielous rage it euen betraies the loyall.  
Heer cloud-brow'd *Sorrow*, whirl-wind-like it hies,  
Th'armatt'd Minde to tossc and tyrannize.  
There, dimpled *Joy* nimbly enringeth round  
Her gaudie Troops that stand vpon no ground;  
Whose

---

*An Exhortation.*

---

Whose brittle glosse and glory, lasts and shines,  
As stubble-fier, and dust before the windes.  
What should I speake of all the snarefull Wiles,  
And cunning colours of mysterious Guiles,  
Wherwith death's Founder & our life's drad Foe  
Improuident Man-kinde doth ouerthrow?

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## *An Exhortation.*

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Yet, be couragious, yeeld not vnto Euill:  
Resist beginnings, and defie the Deuill.  
And for defence amid these fierce Alarmes,  
Quicke buckle-on these aye-victorious Armes.  
First, gird thy loines with *Truth*: thy bosom dresse  
With the sure *Brest-plate* of pure *Righteousnesse*:  
Put

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## *An Exhortation.*

---

Put on thy head the *Helmet of Salvation*:  
Vpon thy feet *Shoes of the Preparation*  
Of the *Glad-Newes of Peace*: vpon thine arme  
The *Shield of Faith* (shot-free from euery harme)  
Hel's fiery darts repel thou with the same, (flame.  
And through it's splendor quench their flame with  
Take

---

*An Exhortation.*

---

Take in thy hand the bright two-edged *Sword*  
Of God's soule-parting, marrow-piercing *Word*.  
Thus compleat-arm'd from God's own *Arcenall*,  
And neuer ceasing on his Name to call,  
Thou questionlesse shalt quickly overcome  
The World, the Flesh, Sin, Death, & Hell, in sum.  
And

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*An Exhortation.*

---

And so (through CHRIST thy Captain & thy King)  
Of Sin, thy Selfe, and Sathan triumphing,  
Thou shalt (in fine) the happy crowne obtaine,  
And in th' eternall promis'd Kingdome raigne.

F I N I S.

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L O N D O N,  
*Printed by* MELCH. BRADWOOD *for*  
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